Glo. Then be it so: and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madame, and you my mother, will you goe,
To giue your censures in this waightie businesse?
Ans. With all our hearts. *Exeunt manet Glo. Buck.*
Buck. My Lord, who iourneyes to the Prince?
For Gods sake let not vs two be behinde:
For by the way *I*le sort occasion,
As index to the storie we lately talkt off,
To part the Queenes proude kindred from the King.
Glo. My other selfe, my counsels consistorie,
My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Cozen,
I like a childe will goe by thy direction:
Towards Ludlow then, for we will not stay behind. *Exit.*

Enter two Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Neighbour well met, whither away so fast?
2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe.
1 Heare you the newes abroad?
2 *I* that the King is dead.
1 Bad newes birlady, seldome comes the better,
I feare, *I* feare, twill prooue a troublesome world. *Enter another Cit.*
3 *Cit.* Good morrow neighbours.
Doth this newes hold of good King Edwards death?
1 *It* doth. 3. Then masters look to see a troublous world.
1 No, no, by *God*s grace his sonne shall raigne.
3 Wo to that land thats gouernd by a childe,
2 In him there is a hope of gouernment,
That in his nonage, counsell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeares himselfe,
No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.
1 So stood the state when Harry the sixt
Was crownd at Paris, but at nine moneths olde.
3 Stood the state so? no good my friend not so,
For then this land was famously enricht
With politike graue counsell: then the King
Had vertuous Vncles to protect his Grace.
2 So hath this, both by the father and mother.
3 Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all:

For emulation now, who, shall be neareſt,
Which touch vs all too neare if *God* preuent not,
Oh full of danger is the Duke of Glocester,
And the Queenes kindred haughtie and proude,
And were they to be rulde, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
2 *Come*, come, we feare the worst, all shall be well.
3 When clouds appeare, wise men put on their cloakes,
When great leaues fall, the winter is at hand:
When the sun sets, who doth not looke for night?
Vntimely stormes make men expect a dearth:
All may be well: but if *God* sort it so,
Tis more then we deserue or *I* expect.
1 *Truely* the soules of men are full of dread:
Ye cannot almost reason with a man
That lookes not heauily and full of feare.
3 *Before* the times of change, still is it so:
By a diuine instinct mens mindes mistrust
Ensuing dangers, as by proofe we see,
The waters swell before a boystrous storme:
But leaue it all to *God*: whither away?
2 *We* are sent for to the *Iu*stice.
3 And so was I, *I*le beare you companie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cardinall, Dutches of Yorke, Qu. yong Yorke.

Car. Last night *I* heard they lay at Northhampton,
At Stonistratford will they be to night,
To morrow or next day they will be here.
Dut. *I* long with all my heart to see the Prince,
I hope he is much growne since last *I* saw him.
Qu. But *I* heare no, they say my sonne of York
Hath almost ouertane him in his growth.
Yor. I mother, but *I* would not haue it so.
Dut. *Why* my young Cousin it is good to grow.
Yor. Granam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My Vncle Riuers talkt how *I* did grow
More then my brother. *I* quoth my Vncle Glocester,
Small hearbs haue grace, great weeds grow apace:
And sinee me thinkes I would not grow so fast,
Because sweete flowers are slow, and weedes make hast.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22317) LONDON, 1605 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.49) Octavo